



Failure is Never an Option



story

failure

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Chapter 1 by Wonder Story - In College

"Failure is not an option." My mentor used to say.

At least, he used to say this before he left.

And I always responded:

"Failure is always an option. When you're at a fork in the road, you turn back."

Chapter 2 by Alyssa H



He tried his hardest to get me to see.

"Turning back is giving up. You are not one to give up."

And I always responded:

"How would you know? I gave up then, I give up now."

He would sigh, and shake his head lightly.

"I thought you, of all people, would understand."

And I always responded:

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"I guess you thought wrong."

Chapter 3 by SaintSayaka



I don't know why he disappeared, or if it's a permanent thing. But something within my hearts tells me that his absence is intentional. Right now, I am sitting at that proverbial fork in the road. I have two options - to find a new mentor, or to look for the old one. But one thing's for certain; I can't just sit there. There simply is no option to turn back.

I guess that was the first thing that he taught me.

Chapter 4 by SaintSayaka



He didn't teach me much about deciphering his clues, but I made do. I knew that stepping into his room would be like entering another planet, and I wasn't entirely wrong. Stickers of the planets and stars lined his ceiling. I felt as if I was ten years old once again. File cabinets lined the walls, or so they appeared to. Being that there was no light switch in the room, I couldn't tell. I guess that was one of his oddities.

His wife didn't know that I was here. If I hurried, she never would have to. I couldn't face her after what I had done. It would be shameful.

After all, I am the reason that my mentor disappeared.

Chapter 5 by SStwins



It hadn't been on purpose. I would never have done anything to hurt my mentor. But standing in his room, it brought it all rushing back.

"This afternoon, we will be meditating in the forest."

I had groaned, because I always hated meditation.

"Remember, meditation is good for you." He was always so calm and patient. "That is a valuable lesson for you to learn."

"Fine," I muttered, giving in. A person could only fight for so long.

He had smiled, kindly. "Good. I will meet you at the fork in the west road at noon. Don't be late." But he had never shown up at the fork. I had heard, he'd left his house at eleven fifty, presumably to go to work. I felt my shame. Many people assumed that I had some kind of mental problem and because he vanished

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going to meet me, I felt a great responsibility for finding him. This is why I was here in his room today.

Chapter 6 by Wonder Story - In College



That afternoon, instead of traveling down either of the paths to find my mentor, I gladly turned back home after ten minutes. It wasn't until the evening of the next day that I found out he was missing.

This room was in the basement of his home. I had entered through a door at the side of the house. My mentor and I worked here at times, but because of my lack of curiosity and the darkness of the room, I never knew its purpose.

Using the light of my phone to guide the way, I discovered that the file cabinets were locked. On the far end of the room, I found a desk littered with documents and file folders. I winced when I saw my name written on the calendar, the day my mentor went missing.

Then a particular appointment earlier in the month caught my attention.

Chapter 7 by Bella Mae



I recognized the name, but it brought back no specific memories and I'm pretty sure it isn't a clue. I left the basement and crept up the steps. Using my phone for light, I tiptoed into the kitchen. That's when I saw it. A piece of paper, crumpled up, sat on the counter. I silently sprinted over to it. I hastily opened it up and read. It read:

"If you're reading this, I'm already dead or am about to be. There is no hope for me, but there is for you. Here's what you have to do."

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